

THE
CONCUBINE:
A
POEM,

In the MANNER of SPENSER.

— αἰνοπαίτη, κῶον ἀδδεις —

Ιλιάδ. 9.

THE THIRD EDITION, WITH ALTERATIONS.



*Grant me your bond, or els on yonder tree
These silken garters.*

L O N D O N:

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M.DCC.LXXI.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WHEN this Poem was first offered to the Public, it was not accompanied with any prefatory Address, by which either the intention of the Writer might be explained, or the candour of the Reader solicited. The former the Author *then* thought unnecessary, and the latter he flattered himself his performance would meet with from those who are enabled to judge of the difficulty of the attempt; and from those only he could wish it. To solicit candour for the poetical execution he still declines, for Taste is not to be bribed; but perhaps justice to himself may require some explanation of his design, and some apology for his use of the manner of Spenser.

Had it not been objected by some of his friends, (and that others perhaps may object the same) that his Poem is deficient in connection, the Author would never have attempted any defence of it on that particular. What the ingenious Hurd says of Horace's Epistles, ought also to be the character of every other poem. "The subject of each epistle," says he, "is one: that is, one single point is prosecuted through the whole piece, notwithstanding that the address of the poet, and the delicacy of the subject, may sometimes lead him through a devious track to it." In illustration of this single point a method is necessary, but it must be a *poetical* one; which, as the same Critic observes, "though uniform and consistent, is never

more artificial than when least apparent to a careless inattentive reader :” for, to use the words of the same author, “ as there must needs be a connexion, so that connexion will best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer, which, whilst it leads by a sure train of thinking to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all the while, and leaves to the reader the satisfaction of supplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his own mind, what is left in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnexion.”

To the truth and certainty of these remarks, the Author would willingly appeal, in vindication of his Poem from the charge of inconnexion. Pope has directed, that we should

“ In every work regard the author’s end.”

Yet perhaps this precaution has not been sufficiently attended to by those who have pronounced, that the interest of the Poem is neglected, or that the story is not properly pursued.

Some perhaps, misled by the title, have been surpris’d to find so much attention bestowed on the Knight, and so little on the Concubine : but let it be observed, that the Knight is the proper subject, as the delineation of the character of a Man of Birth, who with every other advantage of natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once lost to the Public and himself, is evidently propos’d *. Nor could the Author suspect he had ever lost sight of his cue †, through all the excursions he has made ; excursions, into which he was led rather from a conviction that they tended to the completion of the character, than from any inattention to the unity of his story.

If

* Canto I. Stanzas xi. xii.

† Cant. II. Stanza I. First Edition.

If therefore the delineation of the character has its beginning, middle, and end, the Poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following Argument.

After an invocation to the Genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the Knight's first amour with his Concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumed, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character,——in his domestic elegance of parks, gardens, and house——in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters——behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother——and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular end.

It is an established maxim in criticism, That an interesting moral is essential to a good poem. The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmost importance both in the political and moral world; to throw therefore a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the Gentleman, must afford an interesting moral, but it is the management of the writer which must render it striking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the Author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was, at least, the purpose of THE CONCUBINE.

Some

* Some reasons perhaps may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose bringing it into general use were indeed highly absurd: yet it may be presumed there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the Author will only say, That the fulness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the manner of Spenser is so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it not solely as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

Oxford, April 20, 1769.

E R R A T A.

Canto I. Stanza xv. Line 7. read,

“ And Avons *bard*, &c.”

And Stanza xxxix. Line 9. read,

And left him now *involv'd*, his Lemmans hapless prize.

THE
CONCUBINE.

CANTO I.

*The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of Pleasures faerie land,
Where Vertues budds are blighted as
By foul Enchanters wand.*

I.

AWAKE, ye West Windes, throughthe lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake :
Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake ;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropt with dew ;
On Desmonds* mouldering turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grafs and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

* The castle of the earl of Desmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was the residence of Spenser, while he was employed on the FAERIE QUEENE.

B



O for that namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
 That powre of charme thy Naiads once possesse,
 Melodious Mulla ! when, full oft whyleare,
 Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle brest
 Of haples SPENSER ; long with woes opprest,
 Long with the drowfie Patrons smyles decoyd,
 Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
 No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
 The sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoyd :

III.

Enjoyd each wish, while rapt in visions blest
 The Muses wooed him, when each evening grey
 Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe drest,
 Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
 By forrest edge or welling fount, where lay,
 Farre from the crowd, the carelesse Bard supine :
 Oh happy man ! how innocent and gay,
 How mildly peacefull past these houres of thine !
 Ah ! could a sigh availe, such sweete calme peace were mine !

THE CONCUBINE.

IV.

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
Unbidden transportes through my bosome swell;
With pleasing reverence awd my eyes survey
The hallowed shades where SPENSER strung his shell.
The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
Still through the woodlands wilde and beauteous rise
The hills greene tops; still from her moss-white cell
Complayning Echoe to the stockdove sighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

V.

Then come, ye Genii of the place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muses of the native lay!
Ye who these bancks did whilom constant roam,
And round your SPENSER ever gladfom play!
Oh come once more! and with your magick ray
These lawns transforming, raise the mysttick scene:
The lawns alreadye own your vertual sway,
Proud citys rise, with seas and wildes atweene;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

THE CONCUBINE.

VI.

Towrd to the skye, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the funne, a rock fantastick rose ;
From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
And redd with blossomes hung the wildings boughs ;
On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
On Mayes sweete morne a fragrant grove displayd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid chose ;
From whence a reverend wizard through the shade
Advaunst to meet my steps, for here me seemd I strayd.

VII.

White as the snowdrop round his temples flowd
A few thin hairs ; bright in his eagle eye,
Meint with Heavens lightning, social mildnesse glowd ;
Yet when him list queynt was his leer and slie,
Yet wondrous distant from malignitie ;
For still his smyle did forcibly disclose
The soul of worth and warme hart-honestie :
Such winning grace as Age but rare bestows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withering rose.

THE CONCUBINE.

VIII.

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle loosely tyd his waift
Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
And halfe-conceald and halfe reveald his vest,
His vest of filk, the Faerie Queenes bequest
What time she wooed him ere his head way grey ;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
To speech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildest prospect lay.

IX.

Younkling, quoth he, lo, where at thy desire
The wildernesse of Life extensive lies ;
The path of blustering Fame and warlike Ire,
Of scowling Powre and lean-bond Covetise,
Of thoughtless Mirth and Follys giddy joys ;
And whither all those paths illusive end ;
All these at my command didactick rise,
And shift obedient as mine arm I bend.
He said, and to the fielde did strait his arm extend.

THE CONCUBINE

X.

Well worthy views, quoth I, rise all around,
But certes, lever would I see and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And fairest bloome no ripend fruit will bear :
Oft have I shed, perdie, the bitter tear
To see the shoots of Vertue shrink and dy,
Untimely blasted in the soft greene ear :
What evil blight thus works such villany,
To tell, O reverend Seer, thy prompt enchantment try.

XI.

Ah me ! how little doe unthinking Youth
Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age !
Full oft, quoth he, my bosom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early stage,
Where Dissipations cup full deepe they pledge ;
Ne can the Wizards saws disperse to flight
The ills that soon will warre against them wage,
Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde Spright
From Pleasures fervile bands release the luckles Wight.

XII.

This truth to tell, see yonder lawnskepe rise,
An ample field of British clime I ween,
A fiede which never by poetick Eyes
Was vewd from hence. Thus, though the rural scene
Has by a thousand artists pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A vew full different, yet as faire becene :
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more,
For certes where we stand stood never wight before.

XIII.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle Knight----
Fleet as he spake still rose the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the sight ;
It was, I weet, a goodlie baronie :
Beneath a greene clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the funny vale ystood ;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree,
And on the west a dimpling silver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the wood.

XIV.

How sweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
 And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres !
 What pleasaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
 Among the hills and vales and shady bowres,
 To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
 The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
 The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
 So high, and with his bloome falews the morne,
 And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorne ;

XV.

The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
 Pomona lavishes on everie tree,
 The velvet-coated peach, the plumb so hore,
 The nectrines redd, and pippins, sheene to see,
 That nod in everie gale with wanton glee.
 How happy here with Woodstocks laughing Swain
 And Avon's Impe of peerlesse memorie
 To faunter through the dasie-whitened plain,
 When Fancys sweetest Impe Dan Spenser joins the train.

XVI.

Ne to Syr MARTYN hight were these unknowne;
Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing shape, stood round his morning bed:
Such happinefs bloomd faire around his hed.
Yet though his mind was formd each joy to taste,
From him, alas! dear homefelt Joyaunce fled,
And sweete Content soon from his walks did haste,
For soon his Concubine became his constant pest.

XVII.

Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As carelesse fauntering through the elm-fenced green,
He with his book beguild the closing day,
The dairy-Maide hight KATHRIN friskd that way;
A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast,
For much she wisht the lemmans part to play;
Nathlesse unheeding on his way he past,
Ne enterd in his hart or wish or thought unchast.

XVIII.

Right plump she was, and ruddie glowd her cheek,
Her easie waiste in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curld downe her shoulders sleek,
And halfe her bosome heaving mett the fight,
Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight :
Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye
With wanton merrimake she trips the Knight,
And round the youngling makes the clover flye :
But soon he starten up, more gamesom by and bye.

XIX.

I ween, quoth she, you think to win a kifs,
But certes you shall woo and strive in vain.
Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell ; but loud and angrie then
Gan she of shame and haviour vild complain,
While bashfully the weetlesse Boy did look :
With cunning smyles she vewd his awkward pain ;
The smyle he caught, and eke new corage took,
And Kathrin then a kifs, perdie, did gentlie brook.

XX.

Fleet past the months ere yet the giddy Boy
One thought bestowd on what would surely be ;
But well his Aunt perceivd his dangerous toy,
And fore she feard her auncient familie
Should now be staind with blood of base degree :
For, sooth to tell, her liefest harts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

XXI.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights she schemd to shonne thilk foull disgrace,
And Kathrins bale in wondrous wrath she vowd :
Yet could she not with cunning portance shroud,
So as might best succeede, her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild flutt aloud ;
That soon she should her graceless thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson shent.

XXII.

So spake the Wizard, and his hand he wavd,
 And prompt the scenerie rose, where listlesse lay
 The Knight in shadie bowre by streamlet lavd,
 While Philomela soothd the parting day :
 Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
 And all her store of blandishments and wiles ;
 The knight was touchd—but she with soft delay
 And gentle teares yblends her languid smiles,
 And of base falsitie th'enamour'd Boy reviles.

XXIII.

Amazd the Boy beheld her ready teares,
 And, faltering oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
 What mean these sighs ? dispell thine ydle feares ;
 And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.
 And need, quoth she, need I my hart to bare,
 And tellen what untold well knowne mote be ?
 Lost is my friends good-will, my mothers care ---
 By you deserted --- ah ! unhappy me !
 Left to your Aunts fell spight and wreakfull crueltie.

XXIV.

My Aunt ? quoth he, forsooth, shall she command ?
No ; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,
He laughing said ; and would have caught her hand ;
Her hand she shifted to her blubberd face
With prudish modestie, and sobd, Alas !
Grant me your bond, or els on yonder tree
These filkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay ! shall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all hell to thee.

XXV.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee :
And will my bond forefend thilk miserie ?
That shalt thou have ; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more ? Housekeeper shalt thou be.
An awfull oathe forthwith his promise tied,
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blythesome bride.

XXVI.

His Aunt fell sick with very dole to see
Her kindest counsels scornd, and fore did pine
To think, what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallins blood debasd in Kathrins line;
For very dole she died. Oh sad propine,
Syr Knight, for all that care which she did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has she fat up rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee so kind with many a daintie cake!

XXVII.

Soft as the goffamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the wearie lids invades,
So soft, so gently Pleasure mines her way:
But whither will the smyling fiend betray,
Ah, let the Knights approching dayes declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Bestrews her path, to desarts colde and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

XXVIII.

Ah! fays the Wizard, what may now availe
His manlie fense that faireft bloffoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whifpering gale,
His native goodneffe, and his vertuous lore?
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of Diffipation hight
Has fhedd, with fubtil ftealth through everie pore,
Its giddie poifon, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

XXIX.

So the Canadian, traird in drery wafes
To chace the foming bore and fallow deer,
At firft the traders beverage fhylie taftes;
But foon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd, he lufts for the delirious cheer:
So burfts the Boy difdainful of reftrent
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent,
And dull and yrkfome hangs the day in fports unspent.

XXX.

Now fly the wassal seasons wingd with glee,
 Each day affords a floode of roring joy;
 The Springs green months ycharmd with Cocking flee,
 The jolly Horserace Summers grand employ,
 His Harvest Sports the foxe and hare destroy;
 But the substantial Comforts of the Bowl
 Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the Boy
 With England's cause, and swell his mightie soul,
 Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

XXXI.

Now round his dores ynaild on cloggs of wood
 Hangs many a badgers snout and foxes tail,
 The which had he through many a hedge persewd, [dale;
 Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and delve and
 To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you pale;
 Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
 Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
 And not one circumstance will he forgett,
 So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting fett.

XXXII.

Now on the turf the Knight with sparckling eyes
Beholds the springing Racers sweep the ground ;
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on the ratling hoofs rebound ;
The courfers groan, the cracking whips resound :
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The Knight stares wildly round,
And, rising on his fell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noise throng.

XXXIII.

While thus the Knight persewd the shadow Joy
As youthly spirits thoughtlesse led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy !
Kathrin did eve and morn* before him lay,
Watchfull to please and ever kindlie gay ;
Till, like a thing bewitchd, the carelesse wight
Refigns himfelfe to her capricious sway :
Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound spright
In Necromancers thrall in halfe such pitteous plight.

XXXIV.

Her end accomplishd, and her hopes at stay,
What need her now, she recks, one smile bestow ;
Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
And thriftlesse waste, with many maxims moe,
As, What were she the better did she so,
She conns, and freely sues her native bent ;
Yet still can she to guard his thralldom know,
Though grimd with snuff in tawdrie gown she went,
Though peevish was her spleen and rude her jolliment.

XXXV.

As when the linnett hails the balmy morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings ;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings ;
The more he flutters still the more foredone :
So fares it with the Knight : each morning brings
His deeper thrall ; ne can he brawling shun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

XXXVI.

Or, when atop the hoarie western hill
The ruddie Sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesom Trout then shews her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.

XXXVII.

On the greene banck a truant Schoolboy stands;
Well has the Urchin markt her mery play,
An ashen rod obays his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimick fly accross her way;
Askaunce, with wiftly look and coy delay,
The hungrie Trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life with speckled wings so gay,
Then flylie nibbling prudish from it flies,
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthles prize.

XXXVIII.

Ah, then the Younker gives the ruthlesse twitch ;
 Struck with amaze she feels the hook yight
 Deepe in her gills, and plunging where the beech
 Shaddows the poole she runs in dred affright ;
 In vain the deepest rocke her late delight,
 In vain the fedgy nook for help she tries ;
 The laughing elfe now curbs, now ayds her flight,
 The more entangled still the more she flies,
 And soon amid the grafs the panting captive lies.

XXXIX.

Where now, ah pity ! where that sprightly play,
 That wanton bounding and exulting joy,
 That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
 When by the rivletts bancks, with blushes coy,
 APRIL walkd forth --- ah ! never more to toy
 In purling streame, she pants, she gasps and dies !
 Aie me ! how like the fortune of the Boy !
 His days of revel and his nights of noise
 Have left him now, his Lemmans hapless prize,

XL.

See now the changes that attend her sway ;
The parke where rural Elegance had placed
Her sweete retreat, where cunning Art did play
Her happiest freaks, that Nature undefaced
Received new charms ; ah, see, how foul disgraced
Now lies thilke parke so sweetlie wylde afore !
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste ;
The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore,
And snowd with washing fuds now yawns forby the dore.

XLI.

All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confusion grew,
Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine,
These now their place to cabbages resign ;
And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead,
Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
And laisie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

XLII.

The fragrant orchard, once the Summers pride,
 Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisied Greene,
 In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
 Pomona and her buxom nymphes were scene,
 Or where the clear canal stretchd out atweene,
 Doffy their locks with blossomes would they brede,
 Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
 Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
 They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily spread.

XLIII.

The fragrant orchard at her dire command
 In all the pride of blossom strewd the plain;
 The hillocks gently rising through the land
 Must now no trace of Natures steps retain;
 The clear canal, the mirrhour of the swain,
 And bluish lake no more adorne the Greene,
 Two durty watering ponds alone remain;
 And where the moss-floord filbert bowres had been,
 Is now a turnip field and cow yarde nothing cleane.

XLIV.

An auncient crone, yclepd by houwewives THRIFT,
All this devidd for trim Oeconomie ;
But certes, ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high.
Coarse were her looks, yet smooth her courtesie,
Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye,
And still she plodden round the kitchen fyre,
To save the smallest cromb her pleasure and desyre.

XLV.

Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
Fast at her side a bounch of keyes yhong,
Dull Care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
Thrift-teaching proverbs dropping from her tongue :
Yet sparing though she beene her gwestes emong,
Ought by herselfe that she mote gormandise,
The foull curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her gust suffice ;
Albee in varied stream still was it covetise.

XLVI.

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked Ronion, for in soothly guise
She was her genius and her counsellor :
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wife
Bedeck each room ; and much can she despise
The Knights complaints, and thriftless judgment ill :
Eke verfd in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill ;
Though uselefs, cheap they beene, and cheap she purchasd still.

XLVII.

His tenants whilom beene of thriftie kind,
Did like to sing and worken all the day,
At seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harvest feast still first did play,
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer ;
All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the rear.

XLVIII.

Ah happy days ! but now no longer found :
No more with fociall hospitable glee
The village hearths at Chriftnas-tide refound,
No more the Whitfun gamboll may you fee,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie,
When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green ;
But now, in place, hart-finking penurie
And hopeleffe care on every face is feen,
As thefe the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

XLIX.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace
And dark of look, a tawdry villain came,
Muttring fome words with ferious-meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name ;
Then, nolens volens, they muft heed the fame,
And quight thofe fieldes their yeomen grandfyres plowd
Eer fince black Edwards days, when, crownd with fame,
From Creflie field, the Knights old grandfyre prowde
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe allowd.

L.

But now the orphan fees his harvest fielde
Beneath the gripe of Laws stern rapine fall,
The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expell'd,
Withdraws to some poor hutt, with earthen wall :
And these, perdie, were Kathrins projects all ;
For, sooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full sore
Such sinful deeds to see ; yet such his thrall,
Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except she wuld the same before.

LI.

Oh wondrous powre of womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too secure may be !
Not Circes cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious Powre, like thee ;
Lo, manly Sense of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy spells, thy crowching slave is seen ;
Lo, high-browd Honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

LII.

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthless bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the Knight full deffly can ;
Ne may the Knight escape or cure his woes :
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains ;
So toils the powreless Knight beneath his fervile chains.

LIII.

His lawyer now assumes the guardians place ;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing flie,
Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave birds which Athens rankt so high ;
Pleasd Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
The smyle would oft steal through his native phlegm ;
And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peasant dares invade the game :
But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just claim.

LIV.

Now mortgage follows mortgage : Cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending case.
The Knights gay bloome the while slid fast away ;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace ;
While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
And straitens still the more his galling thrall :
See now what scenes his household hours debase,
And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall.
So spake the Seer, and prompt the scene obeyd his call.

LV.

See, quoth the Wizard, how with foltering mien
And discomposd yon stranger he receives ;
Lo, how with fulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves ;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obey ;
Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay :
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

LVI.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire,
He begs the Knight by friendships long ago
To shelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
Sat Grief and pale Disease. The poor mans wrong
Affects the Knight : his inmost hearts desire
Gleams through his eyes ; yet all confusd, and stung
With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards his tongue.

LVII.

See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with fide-long glaunce and haviour shy
He steals the look to read his Lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.
Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
His friend with scorne beholds his awkward pain ;
From him even Pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
While manlie Honour frowns on his unmanly stain.

LVIII.

Let other scenes now rise, the Wizard said :
 He wavd his hand, and other scenes arose.
 See there, quoth he, the Knight supinely laid
 Invokes the household houres of learnd repose,
 And auncient Song its manly joys bestows :
 The melting passion of the Nott-brown Mayde
 Glides through his breast ; his wandering fancy glows,
 Till into wildest reveries betrayd,
 He hears th'imagind faire, and wooes the lovely shade.

LIX.

Transported he repeats her constant vow,
 How to the green wode shade, betide whateer,
 She with her banyshd love would fearlesse goe,
 And sweete would be with him the hardest cheer.
 Oh heaven ! he sighs, what blessings dwell sincere
 In love like this !---But instant as he sighd,
 Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
 His Lemman thonders, Ah ! fell dole betide
 The girl that trusts in man before she bees his bride !

LX.

And must some Lemman of a whiffing song
Delight your fancy! she disdeinful cries;
When strait her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, beard with teares, each for revenge applies:
Him chiefe in spleene the father means chastise,
But from his kindlie hand she saves him still;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wise
Yon yellow elfe she litle spares to kill;
And then, next breath, does all to coax its stubborn will.

LXI.

Pale as the ghoſte that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at hart, as halfe afwoon
The Knight ſtares round; yet good nor bad he ſed.
Alas! though trembling anguiſh inward bled,
His beſt reſolve ſoon as a meteor dies:
His preſent peace and eaſe mote chance have fled,
He deems, and yielding looks moſt wondrous wiſe,
As from himſelf he hopd his grief and ſhame diſguiſe.

LXII.

Woe to the wight whose hated home no more
The hallowd temple of Content may be !
While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His mistresse with her liefest companie,
A rude unletter'd herd ! with dearest glee,
Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame ;
And still anon the flask of ratafie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Escapes their blasting tongue, or goody, wench, or dame.

LXIII.

One evening tide as with her crones she fate,
Making sweete solace of some scandall new,
A boistrous noise came thondring at the gate,
And soon a sturdie boy approchd in vew ;
With gold farre glitteraund were his vestments blue
And pye-shapd hat, and of the silver sheen
An huge broad buckle glaunst in either shoe,
And round his necke an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a switch : a jollie wight I ween.

LXIV.

Farre had he faild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
 Where ruddie Phœbus flacks his firie team;
 (With burning golde then flames th' etherial steepe,
 And Oceans waves like molten filver seem)
 Eke had he seen, with dimond glittering beam,
 The starre of morne awake the roseate day,
 While yet beneath the moone old Nilus stream
 Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
 As through the midnight skyes appears the milky way.

LXV.

Through the Columbian world, and verdant iles
 Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent sped:
 Eke had he beene where flowry Sommer smiles
 At Christmas tide, where other heavens are spred,
 Besprent with starres that Newton never red,
 Where in the North the fun of noone is seene:
 Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
 Wherever Gama saild, there had he beene,
 Gama*, the dearling care of Beautys heavenly Queene.

* Camoëns.

LXVI.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coast
Where bold Nearché young Ammons fleet did guide,
A task so dred the world-subduing host
Could not another for such feats provide :
And often had he seen that ocean wide
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did say
None but th' immortal Gods had ever spyd,
Which fight, quoth he, will all your toils repay :
That none mote see it more als he the Gods did pray.

LXVII.

Through these outlandish shores and oceans dire
For ten long seasons did the younkling toil,
Through stormes, through tempests and the battels fire,
Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope the while
Of yet revisiting his natal soil :
And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale,
By Æthiopias coast or Javas ile,
When glauncing over Oceans bosom pale,
The ship hung on the winds with broad and steadie sail :

LXVIII.

Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-spread wing unmovd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdons brow prepar'd to light,
Sailing the liquid skye he sheer descends :
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The scenes of promise blifs would warm the Boy,
To meet his brother with each wish yblends,
And friendships glowing hopes each thought employ ;
And now at home arriv'd his heart dilates with joy.

LXIX.

Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To spy the streamlett or the elm-tree shade,
Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in merry childhoode playd :
But all was changd ! — Unweetingly dismayd
A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast ;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in she kens the stranger guest :
Then with sad mien she rose, and kindlie him embrast.

LXX.

Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made ;
 Then, sobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be ;
 Faire Syr, of your retourne, she gently said ;
 But what mishap ! our infant familiee,
 The dearest babes, though they were nought to me,
 That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie plight :
 What shall we do ! — great were your courtesie
 To lodge in yonder tenants house to night ;
 The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes should fright.

LXXI.

Blunt was the Boy, and to the farme-house nigh
 To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
 Conducted by a gossip pert and fly :
 Kathrin the whiles her malengines prepares.
 Now gan the duske suspend the plowmans cares,
 When from his rural sportes arrives the Knight ;
 Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
 His hall resounds ! — amazd the stranger wight
 Arreads it all as done to him in fell despight.

I.XXII.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of stranger guest, Go, bid him welcome here;
What seeks he there? quoth he. Perdie, what would
You seek? says to the Boy the messenger.
To see the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he scornes to come; the servant said.
Go, bid him still, quoth he, to welcome cheer:
But all contrarywise the faytor made,
Till rage enflamd the Boy; and still his rage they fed:

LXXIII.

Your brother, quoth the hostesse, soon will waste
His fayre estate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie fast.
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with speed,
And wise he lookt, and wisely shook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his steed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent:
All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great content.

LXXII

There was the hour when the Knight was told
 Of stranger guests: Go, bid him welcome here;
 What feels he there? quoth he, "Forth, what would
 You feel? say to the Boy the messenger."
 To see the Knight, quoth he, "I but respond."
 Sir Knight, he comes to come; the servant said.
 Go, bid him still, quoth he, to welcome cheer;
 But all contrarywise the slyster made.
 Till rage enflamed the Boy, and fill his rage they led?

LXXIII

Your brother, quoth the hostess, soon will wait
 His lady's chair; and certes, well I read,
 He means to hold your patrimony fast.
 Next morn'g a lawyer becom'g yronight with speed,
 And wife he took, and wisely took his bed.
 Him now impow'rd, the youth with rage yblent
 Vows never to retourn; then morn'g his deed,
 And leaves the place in fancy's angry heat;

All which to Katherina's mind gave wondrous great content.

C A N T O II.

In musefull flownd Syr Martyn rews

His Youthbedes thoughtlesse stage;

But Dissipation haunts him to

The blossomes of old age.

I.

WITH gracefull pause awhile the Wizard stood,
Then thus resumd, As he whose homeward way
Lies through the windings of some verdant wood,
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He sues the flowery steps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnskepe new
Bursts on his sight; yet, never once astray,
Still home he wends: so we our theme pursue,
Through many a bank and bowre close following still our cue.

II.

Soothd by the murmurs of a plaintive streame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance shed ;
Safe from the thonder shewre and scorching beame
Their faerie charmes the summer bowres displaid ;
Wyld by the bancks the bashfull cowslips spread,
And from the rock above each ivied seat
The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kist the wanderers feet :
Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wilde so sweet.

III.

As winds the streamlett serpentine along,
So leads a solemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and secret lay ;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves rownd the cave ; and to the blue-streakd fkyes
A shatterd rock towres up in fragments gray :
The shee-goat from its height the lawnskepe eyes,
And calls her wanderd young, the call each banck replies.

IV.

Here oft the Knight had past the Summers morne
 What time the wondering Boy to manhoode rose,
 When Fancy first her lawnskepess gan adorne,
 And Reasons folded buds their flowres disclose,
 What time young Transport through the spirits flows,
 When Nature smyles with charmes unseen before,
 When with unwonted hopes the bosome glows,
 While wingd with whirlwind speed the thoughts explore
 The endlesse wyld of joys that Youth beholds in store.

V.

The Dryads of the place that nurst the flowres,
 And hung the dewdrop in the hycinths bell,
 For him employd their vertue-breathing powres,
 And Cambrias Genius bade his worth excell.
 His youthful breast confest the wondrous spell;
 His generous temper warmd with fayre design,
 The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,
 The lover and the father now combine,
 And smyling visions form, where bliss and honour join.

VI.

Of these loved reveries this the loved retreat
 Must now no more with dreams of bliss decoy,
 Yet here he liken still himself to meet,
 Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ :
 Oh lost to peace, he sighs, unhappy Boy !
 Oh lost to every worth that life adorns !----
 Oh lost to peace, to elegance and joy !
 Th' ærial Genius of the cave returns,
 Whiles in the babbling rill the plaintive Naiade mourns.

VII.

Thus as he spake the magicke lawnskepe rose,
 The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill ;
 See, quoth the Wizard, where the Knight bestows
 An houre to thought and Reasons whispers still ;
 Whilst, as a nightly vision boding ill,
 Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering fwayne,
 TRUTH, gleaming through the fogs of bialst will,
 Frowns on him sterne, and honest SHAME gins fayne
 In her reflective glafs his lifes ignoble straine.

VIII.

His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe :

How oft hast Thou, she cries, indignant vewd
The titled Cypher and his solemn traine,
The busie face and dull sollicitude
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a foul to reach one noble aim,

Nor soul, nor wish — whose vacant mind endewd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of Fame :

IX.

Who to the patrons lawrells would aspire,
By labouring in the British clime to rear
Those arts that quencht prowde Romes patrician fire,
And bowd her prone beneath the Gothick spear;
Illustrious cares ! befitting patriot peer !
Italian sing-song and the eunuchs squall ;
Such arts as foothd the base unmanly ear
Of Greece and Persia bending to their fall,
When Freedome bled unwept, and scornd was Glorys call.

X.

While these thy breast with scorne indignant fird,
 What other views before thee would disclose !
 As Fancy painted and thy with inspird,
 What glorious scenes beneath thy shades arose !
 Britannias guardians here dispell her woes,
 Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil ;
 There Albion, smyling on their learnd repose,
 Sees Manly Genius in their influence smile,
 And, spread the hallowed streames of Virtue round the ile.

XI.

How blest, ah Heaven ! such selfe-approving houres,
 Such views still opening, still extending higher,
 Cares whence the state derives its firmest powres,
 And scenes where Friendship sheds her purest fire !
 And did, ah shame ! these hopes in vain expire
 A morning dreame ! — As lorn the spendthrift stands,
 Who sees the fieldes bequeathd him by his fire,
 His own no more, now reapt by strangers hands,
 So languid must I view faire Honours fertile lands.

XII.

Silence would then ensue ; perhaps reclind
On the greene margin of the streame he lay,
While softlie stealing on his languid mind
Th' ideal scene would hold a moments fway,
And the domesticke houre all smyles display,
Where fixt esteeme the fond discourse inspires:
Now through his hart would glide the sprightlie ray
Where Married Love bids light his purest fires,
Where Elegance presides, and wakes the Young Defires.

XIII.

Strait to his brawling Lemman turns his mind ;
Shockd he beholds the odious colours rise,
Where selfishnesse, with pride and spleen combin'd,
Form the companion whom he must despise,
Incapable of sweete Affections ties :
Groving, indelicate —Stung to the hart
His indignation heaves in stifled sighs ;
But soon his passion bursts with suddain start :
His children strike his thoughts with lively pierfant smart.

XIV.

The mothers baseness in their deeds he sees,
And all the wounded father swells his breast :
Sudden he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,
While fullenly he soothes his soul to rest :
Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
Where, crown'd with oake, with meadow flowres ydrest,
His British chaplett, buxom Summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the smyling plains.

XV.

Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches rise,
The fieldes still lengthening shew their crowded charms
In fayre perspective and in richest guise :
His sweeping scythe the white-sleeved mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acrosse the wheaten field the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, forby the reedy streame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders seeme.

XVI.

See, now the Knight arrives where erst an oak
Dan Æols blustering stormes did long repell,
Till witchd it was, when by an headlong shock,
As the hore fathers of the village tell,
With horrid crash on All Saints eve it fell :
But from its trunk soon sprouting saplings rose,
And round the parent stock did shadowy swell ;
Now, aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
And by their moss-greene roots invite the swains repose.

XVII.

Here on a bending knare he pensive leans,
And round the various lawnskepe raunge his eyes :
There stretch the corny fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the sight. There, to the peacefull skyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars rise :
Behind the wood a black and heathy lea,
With sheep faire spotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonlie blasted tree ;
And from between two hils appears the duskie sea.

XVIII.

Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
 Shifts o'er the fieldes, now gilds the woody dale,
 The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
 Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale,
 And white from farre appears the frequent fail,
 By Traffick spread. Moord where the land divides,
 The British red-cross waving in the gale,
 Hulky and black, a gallant warre ship rides,
 And over the greene wave with lordlie port prefides.

XIX.

Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre
 Long gazd the Knight, with fretfull languid air;
 Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
 Pours forth his soul: Oh, glorious happy care!
 To bid Britannias navies greatly dare,
 And through the vassall seas triumphant reign,
 To either India waft victorious warre,
 To join the poles in Trades unbounded chain,
 And bid the British Throne the mighty whole sustain.

XX.

With what superiour lustre and command
May stedfast Zeal in Albions Senate shine !
What glorious lawrells court the Patriots hand !
How base the hand that can such Meed decline !
And was, kind Fate ! to snatch these honours mine ?
Yes ! greene they spred and fayre they bloomd for me ;
Thy birth and duty bade the chiefe be thine ;
Oh lost, vain Trifler, lost in each degree !
Thy Country never turnd her hopefull eyes on Thee.

XXI.

Yet, how the Fielde of Worth luxurious smiles !
Nor Africk yields, nor Chilys earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crowne the Plowmans toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains ;
Even on her mountains cheerfull Plenty reigns,
And wildlie grand her fleecy wardrobe spreads.
What noble Meed the honest Statesman gains,
Who through these publique nerves new vigour sheds,
And bids the Usefull Artes exalt their drooping heads :

H

XXII.

Who, founding on the Plough and humble Loom
 His Countrys greatnesse, sees, on every tide,
 Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
 And spread her justice as her glories wide —
 Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
 Britannias Fleet! how long shall Pity mourn
 And stain thy honours! From his weeping Bride
 And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
 Shall the bold Sailor mount thy decks with hart forlorn!

XXIII.

Forlorn with sinking hart his task he plies,
 His Brides distresse his restless Fancy sees,
 And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
 Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.
 Ah! hither turn, ye Sonnes of Courtlie Ease,
 And let the Brave Mans wrongs, let Intrest plead:
 Say, while his arme his Countrys fate decrees,
 Say, shall a Fathers anguish be his meed;
 His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blast each mighty deed?

XXIV.

Whatever Party boasts thy glorious name,
O THOU reservd by Heavens benign decree
To blast those artes that quench the British flame,
And bid the meanest of the Land be free ;
Oh, much Humanity shall owe to Thee !
And shall that palm unenvied still remain !
Yet, hear, ye Lordlings, each severitie,
And every woe the labouring sort sustain,
Upbraids the Man of Powre, and blasts his honours vain.

XXV.

While thus the Knights long smotherd fires broke forth,
The rousing musicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold, and by the North
Where bends the hill the sounding chace appears ;
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay ;
The Youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers
Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray,
Away ! the jolly Huntsman cries ; and Echoe sounds, Away !

XXVI.

Now han the beagles scourd the bushy ground,
 Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
 When all confusd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
 In vain their fretfull haste explord the sent :
 But Reynards cunning all in vain was spent,
 The Huntsman from his stand his arts had spyd,
 Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent,
 How both the bancks he traſte, then backward plyd
 His track ſome twentie roods, then bounding ſprong aſide.

XXVII.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
 Where, hearkening every ſound, an hare was laid ;
 Then from the thickeſt buſh he ſlylie lept,
 And wary ſcuds along the hawthorne ſhade,
 Till by the hills ſlant foot he earths his head
 Amid a briarie thickett : Emblem meet
 Of wylie ſtateſman of his foes adred ;
 He oft miſguides the peoples rage, I weet,
 On others, whilſt himſelfe winds off with ſlie deceit,

XXVIII.

The cunning Huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain :
Then opening loud the beagles sent the track
Right to the hill, while thondring through the plain
With blythe huzzas advance the jovial train :
And now the Groomes and Squires, Cowherds and Boys
Beat round and round the brake ; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise,
Till plunging in his den the Terrier fiercely joys.

XXIX.

Expell'd his hole, upstarts to open sky
The Villain bold, and wildly glares around.
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly ;
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound ;
His frothie jaws he grinds — with horrid sound
The Pack attonce rush on him : foming ire,
Fiers at his throte and sides hangs many a hound ;
His burning eyes flash wylde red sparckling fire,
Whiles weltring on the swaird his breath and strength expire.

XXX.

Straight to Syr Martins hall the Hunters bend,
The Knight perceives it from his oake-crownd hill,
Down the steep furzie height he slow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating still;
While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmost spray,
The footie Blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill,
Whiles Twilight spreads his robe of sober grey,
And to their bowres the Rooks loud cawing wing their way.

XXXI.

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the red beam, while on the distant East
Led by her starre, the horned Moone looks o'er
The bending ferrest, and with rays increast
Ascends, while trembling on the dappled West
The purple radiance shifts, and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green imprest
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy Peace assumes her woodland sway.

XXXII.

All was repose, all but Syr Martyns brest ;
There, Passions tearing gusts tempestuous rise.
Are these, he murmurs, these my friends ! the best
That croud my hall ! the Sonnes of Madning Noise,
Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies ;
Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy,
Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs despise ;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of Joy,
And on my crimes even then their base-tongued witt employ.

XXXIII.

Whose converse, oft as fulsom Bawdrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of Impiety,
The Scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
These modern ravings of Philosophy
Made drunk, the Cavil, the detected Ly,
The witt of Ignorance and Glofs unfair,
Which honest Dullness would with shame deny ;
The hope of Baseness vaumpt in Candours air :
Good Heaven ! are such the friends that to my hearth repair.

XXXIV.

The Man of Worth shuns Thy reputelesse dore,
 Even the old Peasant shakes his silverd head,
 Old saws and stories babling evermore,
 And adding still, Alas, those dayes be fled !
 Here Indignation pausd, when, up the glade,
 Pale through the trees his household smoke ascends ;
 Waked at the sight, his Brothers wrongs upbraid
 His melting hart, and grieve his bosome rends :
 And now the keene Resolve its gleaming comfort lends.

XXXV.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
 My Knight should rise the flowre of Chivalrie,
 Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
 Another Saint George England then should see,
 Britannias Genius should his Sabra bee,
 Chained to the rocke by Dragon to be slain,
 But he the Virgin Princeffe soon should free,
 And stretch the monster breathless on the plain ;
 Bribery, the Dragon huge, should never rise again.

XXXVI.

Eke should he, freed from foul Enchaunters spell,
Escape his false Dueffas magick charms,
And Folly quaid, yclepd an Hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous Lady to his arms,
While Bardes and Minstrales chaunt the soft alarms
Of gentle Love, unlike his former thrall.
Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feast, servd up by Seneshall,
To Knights and Ladies gent in painted bowre and hall.

XXXVII.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
And does of human frailtie soothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of Phantasie, that never yet befell.
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the best good hart its blifs secure,
Ne may the livelie powre of judging well
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where DISSIPATION once has fixt her footing fure.

XXXVIII.

Such was the powre that angrie Jove bestowd
 On this faire Nymph : the historie thus is told.
 To *Dians* care her life her Mother owd :
 Faire *Dian* found her naked on the wold,
 Some Peasants babe expost to deadlie cold,
 And to a favourite Satyr gave to rear :
 Then, when the Nymph was fifteen springtimes old,
 Equipt her with the bow and Huntresse spear,
 And of her Woodland Traine her made a welcome fere.

XXXIX.

But ill her mind receivd fair *Phæbes* lore,
 Fain would she at the chace still lag behind :
 One sultry noone, as *Phæbe* sped afore,
 Beneath a leafy vine the Nymph reclind,
 And, Fan my breaste, she cried, Oh Western Wind !
 Soon at the wishd-for word *Favonius* came.
 From that day forth the conscious Nymph declind
 The near inspection of the Sovereign Dame,
 Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd her shame.

XL.

Her throes with scorne the taunting Dryads eyd,
The Nymph changd colour, and hung down her head ;
Still change thy blushing hue, the Goddess cryd :
Forthwith a freezing languor gan invade
Her limbs ; and now, with fuddein leaves arrayd,
A *Russian Poppy* she transmewd remains ;
The various colours ever rise and fade,
The tints still shifting mock the Painters pains ;
And still her drowfie mood the beauteous Nymph retains.

XLI.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe *Favonius* bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away ;
And with the Fawns, by *Peneus* flowry shore,
From earliest youth the laughing Imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair and gay,
And restlesse, as the dove *Deucalion* sent
To spy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent,
But ydlie beating round the day in vain was spent.

XLII.

When now the Nymph to riper yeares gan rise,
 To fayre PARNASSUS groves she took her flight;
 There, culling flowretts of a thousand dyes,
 Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight;
 As soon the wreath ill sorted would she quight:
 Ne ever did she climb the twyforkt hill,
 Ne could her eyen explore its cloudy height,
 Ne did she ever taste the sacred rill
 From Inspirations fount that ever doth distill.

XLIII.

Her sprightly levitie was from her Syre,
 Her drowfy dulness from her Mother sprong;
 This never would allow her mind aspyre,
 That never would allow her patience long.
 Thus as she lightly rovd the lawns among,
 High Jove beheld her from his starry seat,
 And calld her DISSIPATION: Wilde and young
 Still shalt Thou be, he said; and this thy fate,
 On Man thy sleights employ, on Man that prowld ingrate.

XLIV.

All happineffe he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wish, whence sorrow would ensue;
And idle still his prayers invade my skies:
But bold and arduous must that virtue rise
Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
Then be it Thine to spread before his eyes
Thy changing colours and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou canst daze.

XLV.

So swore the God, by gloomy *Styx* he swore;
The Fates assented, and the Dæmon flew
Right to the Seats of Men. The robe she wore
Was starred with dewdrops, and of palest blue;
Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays;
The fleeting tints the Swaynes with wonder view,
And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor strays.

XLVI.

So shone the Nymph, and pranked in Pleasures guize
 With wylie traines the Sonnes of Earth besett;
 Goodnesse of Hart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendship ever feels the drowsie fitt
Just when its powre to serve could serve a whitt.
 And still behind her march REMORSE and SHAME,
 That never will their yron scourge remitt,
 Whenso the Fiend resigns her thralls to them.
 Sad case, I weet, where still Oneselfe Oneselfe must blame.

XLVII.

Long had the Knight to her his powres resignd;
 In wanton dalliance first her nett she spred,
 And soon in mirthfull tumult on his mind
 She softlie stole: yet, while at times he sped
 To Contemplations bowre, his sight she fled,
 Ne on the mountainett with him durst bide,
 Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
 And in the social cup did flily glide,
 And still his best resolves eftsoones she scatterd wide.

XLVIII.

And now, as slowly fauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie musefull stowre,
The smoothe Deceiver gan his hart affail :
His hart soon felt the fascinating powre ;
Old Cambrias Genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her sea-greene hair ;
The conscious oakes above him rustling lowre,
And through the braunches sighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant Jove rejects the Flamens prayer.

XLIX.

The Dryads of the Grove that oft had fird
His opening mind with many a rapturd dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inspird,
All by the silent hill or murmuring stream,
Forfake him now ; for all as lost they deem.
So home he wends ; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote seem,
And with the Hunters soon full blythe was he,
The blythest wight of all that blythesom companie.

L.

As when th' Autumnal Morn with ruddy hue
 Looks through the glen besprent with silver hore,
 Across the stubble, brushing off the dew,
 The youngling Fowler gins the fieldes explore,
 And, wheeling oft, his Pointer veres afore,
 And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
 The fluttering bird betrays; with thondring rore
 The shott refounds, loud echoing through the dale;
 But still the Youngling kills nor partridge, snipe, nor quail.

LI.

Yet still the quaint excuse is at command;
 The dog was rash, a swallow twitterd by,
 The gun hung fire, and keenness shook his hand,
 And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
 So can the Knight his mind still satisfie:
 A lazie Fiend, SELF IMPOSITION hight,
 Still whispers some excuse, some gilden lye,
 Himselfe did gild to cheat himselfe outright;
 God help the man bewitchd in such ungratious plight.

LII.

On DISSIPATION still this Treachor waits,
 Obsequiously behind at distance due;
 And still to DISCONTENTS accursed gates,
 The Hous of Sorrow, these ungodlie Two
 Conduct their fainty thralls — Great things to do
 The Knight resolv'd, but never yet could find
 The proper time, while still his miseries grew:
 And now these Dæmons of the captive Mind
 Him to the drery Cave of DISCONTENT resign'd.

LIII.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay;
 Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent,
 Some parts receive, and some exclude the Day,
 For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went:
 The ragged walls with lightning seemd ybrent,
 And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore;
 Yet all in fight, with towres and castles gent,
 A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
 The which to vew so fayre the Captives grieved fore!

LIV.

All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
 An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were spred;
 Here sat a Preeffe with eager furious stare
 Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes halfe dead,
 Some drowfie Dronkards, looking black and red,
 Dozd out their days: and by the path-way green
 A sprightlie Troupe still onward heedlesse sped,
 In chace of butterflies alert and keen;
 Honours, and Wealth, and Powre, their butterflies I ween.

LV.

And oft, disgustfull of their various cares,
 Into the Cave they wend with fullen pace;
 Each to his meet apartment dernly fares.
 Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight most bace,
 The Dronkard sits. There, shent with foul disgrace,
 The thriftlesse Heir; and o'er his reeking blade
 Red with his Friends hart gore, in woefull cace
 The Duellist raves: and there, on vetchie bed,
 Crazd with his vaine pursuits, the Maniack bends his head.

LVI.

Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk, he scrawls
Ships, coches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree;
All that he wisht or feard his ghaftlie walls
Present him still, and mock his miserie.
And there, self-doomd, his curst selfe to flee,
The Gamester hangs in corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Dim seen, cold Horror gleams athwart th' unhallowed shade.

LVII.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The Keeper of the Cave all haggard fatt,
His pining corse a restlesse ague shook,
And blistering fores did all his carkas frett:
All with himselfe he seemd in keen debate;
For still the muscles of his mouthe he drew,
Ghaftly and fell; and still with deepe regrate
He lookd him round, as if his hart did rew
His former deeds, and mournd full fore his fores to vew.

LVIII.

Yet not Himselfe, but Heavens Great King he blamd,
And dard his wisdom and his will arraign;
For boldly he the ways of God blasphemd,
And of blinde governaunce did loudlie plain,
While vild Selfe-pity would his eyes disdaine;
As when an Wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dred of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with scalding teares his bleeding wound:
Such fierce Selfe-pity still this Wights dire portaunce crownd.

LIX.

Near by there stood an hamlett in the dale,
Where, in the silver age, CONTENT did wonne;
This now was His: yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever shun;
But ever through his Neighbours lawns would run,
Where every goodlie felde thrice goodlie seemd.
Such was this weary Wight all woe-begone;
Such was his life; and thus of things he deemd;
And fuchlich was his Cave, that all with sorrowes teemd.

LX.

To this fell Carle gay DISSIPATION led,
And in his purlieus left the hapless Knight.
From the dire Cave fain would the Knight have fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous Nymph from flight :
But now the late Obtruder shuns his fight,
And dearly must be wooed : hard by the den,
Where listless Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A tranfient vifit fometimes would he gain,
While Wine and merry Song beguild his inward pain.

LXI.

Yet, ever as he raifd his flombering head,
The drery Tyrant at his couch flood near ;
And ay with ruthleffe clamour gan upbraid,
And wordes that would his very hartstrings tear.
See now, he faye, where fetts thy vain career :
Approching eld now wings its cheerleffe way,
Thy fruitleffe Autumn gins to blanch thy heare,
And aged Winter asks from Youth its ftay ;
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonourd gray.

LXII.

Thou hast no friend! — still on the worthlesse Traine
 Thy kindnesse flowd, and still with scorne repaid:
 Even She on whom thy favours heapt remain,
 Even she regards thee with a bosome dead
 To kindly passion, and by motives led
 Such as the Planter of his Negroe deems;
 What profit still can of the wretch be made
 Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
 So, farre remote from her, thy troubles she esteems.

LXIII.

Thy Children too! Heavens! what a hopeles fight!
 Ah, wretched Syre! — but ever from this scene
 The wretched Syre precipitates his flight,
 And in the Bowls wylde fever shuns his teene.
 So pass his dayes, while What he might have beene
 Its beauteous views does every morne present:
 So pass his dayes, while still the raven SPLEEN
 Croaks in his eares, The brightest parts mispent
 Beget an hoarie age of grieve and discontent.

LXIV.

But boast not of superiour shrewd addresse,
Ye who can calmly spurn the ruind Mayd,
Ye who unmovd can view the deepe distresse
That crushes to the dust the Parents head,
And rends that easie hart by You betrayd,
Boast not that Ye his numerous woes eschew ;
Ye who unawd the Nuptial couch invade,
Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to vew ;
For worthy is He still compar'd, perdie, to Y O U.



THE CONQUEST

LXIV

But boast not of superior strength addresse,
Ye who can calmly spare the ruin'd May,
Ye who removed can view the deep distress,
That crushes to the dust the Parents head,
And rends that callie part by Yon betray'd,
Boast not that Ye his numerous woes elchew;
Ye who unawd the Imperial couch invade,
Boast not his weakness with contempt to view;
For worthy is He still compar'd, perdie, to Y O U.



G L O S S A R Y.

A C C L O R D, disgusted,
cloyed

Adred, frightened. Anglo Sax.
Aðræðan.

Agone, ago.

Albee, although.

Als, also.

Arread, interpret.

Attence, at once, together.

Atweene, between.

Ay, always.

Bale, harm, sorrow.

Beene, Frequently used by the
old Poets for the Indicative
Imperfect of the Verb *To be*.

Beseene, becoming.

Blin, cease, blinnan. Sax.

Brede, to knit, plait, briedan.

Carle, old Man.

Certes, certainly, truly.

Chorle, a Peasant.

Clept, named, called.

Covetise, Avarice.

Dan, a Prefix, *quasi* Mr.

Dearling, Darling.

Defy, neatly, finely.

Depeinten, figured, displayed.

Dernly, sadly, secretly, eagerly.

Dight, adorned, clad.

Dreare, dismal, frightful.

Estfoones, by and bye, forth-
with.

Eke, also.

Eld, Age.

Else, Young One, Child.

Erst, formerly.

Eyen, Eyes.

Fay, Fairy.

Faytor, Villain, Deceiver.

Fere, Companion.

Forby, beside, near to.

Fordone, undone, ruined.

Forefend, to guard beforehand.

Fray, tumult, bustle.

Frayd, afraid.

Geer, furniture, tackle.

Gent, fine, noble.

Gin, *gan*, begin, began.

Glen, a dell, a hollow between
two Hills.

Goody, a Countrywoman.

Han, Preterite Plural of the Verb
To have.

Heara, Hair. Often used by
Spenser.

Hight, called, is called, was
called, or named.

Hayden, flattern, coarse.

Imp, Infant, Child.

Jolliment, Merriment.

Ken, v. to see.

Knare, a knotty Arm of a Tree.
Dryd.

Leache, Physician.

Lemman, Mistress, Concubine.

Lewer, rather.

Lewdly, basely, foolishly.

Liebest, dearest.

Malengins, Persons villainously
employed, Toad-eaters.

Meint, mingled.

Merrimake, Pastime.

Mery, pleasant.

Moe, more.

Mote, v. might, mozt.

Murk, dark.

Nathemore, not the more.

Nathlesse, nevertheless, naðe-
le].

Native, natural.

Ne, nor.

Nolens volens, willing or unwill-
ing.

Parfay, } an Asseveration, *quasi*
Perdie, } verily.

Pierfant, piercing.

Portaunce, Behaviour, Manner.

Prankt, adorned.

Preasse, n. s. a Crowd. So
printed in the old Bibles, *St.*
Mark, v. 27.

Propine, recompence.

Quaid, quelled, conquered.

Quight, to quit, to leave.

Read, to warn, to prophesy.

Racks, heeds, cares for.

Requere, require. Often used
by Spenser.

Rew, to repent.

Ruth, *ruthless*, pity, pitiless.

Salews, salutes.

Sell, saddle.

Semblaunt, appearance.

Seneshall, Master of Ceremonies,
Steward.

Sheen, bright, shining, fine.

Shent, disgraced, scende, cen-
did.

Skyen, adj. Sky.

Sooth, *soothly*, truth, truly.

Stownd, } Emotion, Fit, Stir,

Stowre, } *steyman*.

Straine, Tenor.

Suchlich, *suchlike*.

Sues, pursues, follows.

Teen, Grief, Sorrow.

Thewes, Habits, Manners.

Thilk, this, that.

Traines, Devices, Traps.

[To be placed at the End.]

G L O S S A R Y.

Transmewd, changed, transformed.

Treacher, Traitor, Deceiver.

Troublous, troublesome.

Vild, vile.

Uneath, not easy, difficult.

Wareless, unsuspecting.

Wassal, festive.

Ween, *weend* or *wend*, think, deemed.

Wend, move, go.

Weet, much the same as *ween*.

Weetless, thoughtless.

Whilom, formerly *holum*.

aWhitt, a jot, any thing, a *hit*, *aliquid*.

Whyleare, erewhile, *hpylæn*.

Wight, Person, *piht*.

Wilding, the Crab-tree.

Wonne, to dwell.

Wreakfull, revengeful.

Yblends, mixes.

Yblent, blinded.

Ybrent, burnt.

Yclept, called, named.

Yfere, together.

Ygoe, formerly.

Yode, went.

Youthbede, quasi Youthhood.

Youthly, lively, youthful.

Ypight, placed, fixed.

Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old English Poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the *æ* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon Formation in adding the letter *N*, as *Eyen*, Eyes; but this is mostly used in verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c.



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*Hæc Jovem sentire, Deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.*

HORAT.

